THE BIG SANDY NEWS.

Aut inveniam viam, aut faciam.

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ROUTES OF TRAVEL.

CHATTAROI RAILW'Y

To take effect Monday, May, 1[illegible]th., 1884

(Daily, except Sunday.)

SOUTHWARD Read Down No. 44 Pass	SOUTHWARD Read Down No 12 Pass	STATIONS	NORTHWA'D Read Up No 11 Pass.	NORTHWA'D Read Up No 4 Pass.
p. m.	a. m.		a. m.	p. m.
1 15	6 30	Lv Ashland Ar	9 25	4 30
1 25	7 00	C. & O. Cros'g	9 07	4 12
1 40	7 05	Normal	9 00	4 06
1 50	7 15	Catlettsburg	8 46	3 55
1 55	7 20	Hampton	8 40	3 50
2 00	7 26	Oakland	8 34	3 45
2 20	7 48	Savage Br'nch	8 15	3 30
2 35	7 58	Lockwoods	7 58	3 17
2 45	8 06	Burgess'	7 44	3 08
2 58	8 15	Wrights	7 33	2 55
3 06	8 21	Rockville	7 26	2 50
3 24	8 39	Curnutt	7 07	2 38
3 34	8 48	Catalpa	6 57	2 22
3 43	8 57	Fullers	6 50	2 15
3 48	9 02	Branham	6 44	2 10
3 53	9 07	Whitts	6 40	2 05
4 10	9 26	Louisa	6 24	1 50
4 19	9 31	Camp Ground	6 14	1 38
4 31	9 45	Wabridge	6 00	1 23
4 42	9 55	Summit	5 49	1 13
4 52	10 04	Peeks		1 04
5 00	10 08	Northup	5 24	12 58
5 14	10 23	Tunnel	5 15	12 40
5 40	10 30	Peach Orch'rd	5 00	12 10
6 52	10 4[illegible]	Forbes	4 50	11
6 32	10 57	Richardson	4 45	11

JAY H. NORTHUP, Receiver

"TEN POUND TEN."

He's a blacksmith, proud of his lot,
He strikes hard when the iron is hot.
The red sparks glow like fireflies winging.
Ten pounds ten can never be got
Unless he keeps the anvil ringing.
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

When working well with iron will,
He's ready to foot the grocer's bill,
Good luck from every blow upspringing.
That is the way the pockets fill.
Money chinks to the anvil's ringing.
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

He strikes for wages, and he gets
Money enough to pay his debts,
And more, for he keeps his hammer swinging.
Pride and indolence spread their nets
In vain, for he keeps his anvil ringing.
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

His anvil solo every day
Awakes the sleepers over the way,
And they hear him merrily singing:
"There's time to work and time to play,
Now is the time for anvil ringing."
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

Amid a shower of sparks he stands,
With a bronzed face and horny hands,
Where the wasp of want will not come stinging.
The house he built is not on sands,
It is firm as the anvil ringing.
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

When he grows old and bent and gray,
And long before, he may rest and play,
The golden age sweet pleasure bringing,
He may hear his happy children say:
"There's music in the anvil's ringing."
Strike again,
Ten pound ten!

—*Geo. W. Bungay, in Golden Days.*

Driven From Sea to Sea;

Or, JUST A CAMPIN'.

BY C. C. POST.

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CHAPTER XXV.—CONTINUED.

When she thought Johnny asleep, she arose and went into the kitchen. She did not dare to remain in the room with the child lest he should suddenly open his eyes and see the agony which she felt she could no longer suppress. There was nothing she could do for her husband, living or dead, except to keep the lamp burning in the window as a beacon, in case, as was just possible, he had been thrown after crossing the gorge, and was now wandering about in the darkness.

But for Johnny she would have set out to follow the road back towards town, hoping to find some trace of her husband, but to do so and leave Johnny when there was so little chance of any good coming of it, was not to be seriously thought of. She must wait until daylight, and then—even then what could she do? If the rain should cease it would still be days and may be weeks before any one would be likely to visit the cottage. But this fact did not change matters. There was positively nothing she could do except to wait and keep the lamp in the window burning as brightly as possible.

For many moments she sat motionless, and then stole quietly to the side of her child, whom she found much as he had been for some hours past—sleeping uneasily and with considerable fever. As she was slipping from the sick room again, she heard a noise as if some one were fumbling at the kitchen door in a vain endeavor to find the latch. She listened with a feeling of returning hope, mingled with a horrible, superstitious dread; the latter born of her excited condition and the terrible dreariness of her surroundings. The sound continued until she could not be mistaken; it was some one trying to open the door, and who else could it be but her husband? With a feeling of faintness, as if she had suddenly been caught as she was about to drop into a horrible abyss, she hastened to lift the latch. As she did so, a form covered with mud, hatless and with a look of death upon his face and in his eyes, entered. For an instant she did not recognize the form as that of her husband, but when he staggered forward into the light and sank upon a chair, she saw that it was he, and in an instant she was at his side, striving to remove his storm-soaked garments.

"Tell me where you are hurt, John; tell me what to do, quick," she said. "Are you wounded anywhere, or only terribly bruised by your fall? Tell me quick, so I can help you."

But he only stared at her and made no reply.

"John, John," she cried, now doubly alarmed, "what is it? where is it? tell me, dear. Is it your head that hurts?"

He looked at her so strangely that she thought he must have been crazed by a blow upon the head.

Slowly he raised his hand at last and drew it across his forehead.

"I d'know, Marty," he said, in a hesitating tone. "I reckon—I d'know—exactly what is the matter."

He still sat gazing at her with that strange look in his eyes, as if he was not certain of where he was.

Mrs. Parsons hurriedly placed the tea-kettle back on the stove, where it instantly began to sing, and a moment later had a cup of tea prepared. Then she came and put her arm about her husband's neck, paying no attention to his filthy garments, while she held the cup to his lips.

"Drink this, dear," she said, "and then I'll get your wet clothes off and get you to bed, and you will feel better."

He took a sip of the tea and then, looking up at his wife as she bent over him, asked:

"Do you think they'll let us stay till mornin'?"

And Martha Parsons tried to keep her voice from trembling and make it sound cheerful as she answered: "Oh yes, dear, they said we could stay until morning."

She saw that he was out of his head and knew that the better way was to humor any fancy of his brain, and hoping that if she could get him to bed and apply hot draughts to his person he might recover his mind in a few hours.

She finally succeeded in undressing him and getting him into bed, where he lay staring at her as she moved about, preparing her hot draughts and placing them upon his head and feet and across his chest.

Johnny had awakened when his father came, and tried to call him, but being told by his mother that his father had fallen from his horse and was hurt, and that he must keep quiet, he had done so, though his eyes were big with fear, and with the fever, which had come up higher than ever.

Occasionally, as she worked over her husband, chafing his limbs and changing the cloths and vessels of hot water with which she had surrounded him, he would mutter something about "the mortgage," or "the mines," or about "Lucy and Erastus," and once she thought he spoke the names of Jennie and her husband, but she gathered nothing from what he said of the loss of their home, and supposed that his condition was the result of a fall from his horse, and of being so long exposed to the storm. His limbs were cold and she feared he was going into a nervous chill, and worked with all her might to restore the circulation, but in spite of her efforts he continued to sink. His eyes would close for a few moments and then open again suddenly, but never with any sign of a clear perception of his condition or surroundings, but only to mutter something about "campin' out," and "the mines," and "the children," until just before day began to break, when he aroused from the lethargy into which he was fast sinking, made an effort to rise, fell back, stared about the room, and at Johnny's crib, and then with the wild look in his eyes and upon his face changing to one which showed that he recognized his surroundings, he again sank back upon his pillow and made a sign for his wife to come closer. As she bent over him he strove to speak, and finally said, brokenly:

"'Tain't—no—use, Marty. My—my—lead—is—is worked out, and our—our claim's been jumped agin."

He struggled for breath, his eye-balls turned upward and he choked, but seemed to rally his expiring energies for a farewell message, and added:

"I—I'm goin'—goin' over the range, to—to stake out a new claim, an' you an' Johnny an'—an' the rest will find—find me waitin' when you come."

A great shiver shook his frame, his breast heaved with a long-drawn sigh, and the spirit of John Parsons had gone ahead to prospect for a home for his loved ones in the other country, of which we know so little and hope so much.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ANOTHER FAREWELL.

Daylight came at last; came slowly, as if it were forced to contend with the unwilling darkness for mastery; and even then the clouds did not lift, or the rain cease its steady down-pour.

Martha Parsons never knew whence came the strength that enabled her to close the eyes of her dead [illegible] to continue existence when she had done so. One was dead [illegible] lived, and living, [illegible]. While that life continued she felt [illegible] her strength would co[illegible] also, [illegible] beyond that she neither thought nor cared. When his father's spirit took its flight, and afterwards while she was caring for the dead body—straightening out the limbs and folding the arms across the breast Jo[hnny] [illegible] cot and watched his mother without a word or a cry, but with a look [illegible] awe and half of surprise, as if he [illegible] seen the flight of the spirit and understood why and whither it had gone. And when all was done and the cot [illegible] which he lay had been wheeled into the kitchen, where the fire burning in the stove, gave a little more cheerful look to the room, he still asked no questions and made no complaint.

His mother found herself wondering if Johnny knew that his father [was] dead, but could think of no way of ascertaining without herself [illegible] the information if he did not [illegible] possess it, and this she feared [illegible] it should cause his spirit to f[ollow] [illegible] of his father.

"If only we could both go [illegible] the words that kept swelling [illegible] heart, and seeking utterance [illegible] lips. Then remembering wh[at] [illegible] had written; that if possible [illegible] should come to them before [illegible] was born, that she might [illegible] in her hour of trial, she [illegible] she must live for the sake of [illegible] dren. But what was [illegible] could she obtain help to [illegible] or a physician for the [illegible] rain might continue for [illegible] already communication was [illegible] all who lived below, if [illegible] on the other side of the [illegible] she dared not leave Johnny [illegible] help, even if she could [illegible] through the floods. She [illegible] for a few moments, long [illegible] to the stable and throw [illegible] mals. She did not milk [illegible] not dare leave the child [illegible] for that, but the horse [illegible] for she might need one [illegible] and he must be strong [illegible] the torrents which would [illegible] crossed if she did go.

About noon she made a [illegible] for herself and tried to eat, but [illegible] it almost impossible to do so, [illegible] she had eaten nothing for [illegible] hours, and it was only by telling herself that she must eat in order to [keep] up her strength until help [illegible] she was enabled to swallow [illegible]. She dared not think how long it [illegible] be before help came; [illegible] or early, she must keep up [illegible] time. She tried to think [illegible] of hoisting a signal of distress [illegible] had read of shipwrecked [illegible] ing at sea, but could not. [illegible] the one place in the road [illegible] be seen from the kitchen window, but she saw no one pass. No one [could] pass the gorge, now a roaring [illegible] torrent, with a depth and power [illegible] made fording it a matter of [illegible] ty. And so the minutes and the hours dragged slowly by.

Night closed in early, owing to the darkened heavens, and [illegible] lit the lamps, placing one in the room [with] the dead, the other on a [illegible] cot of the living, and sat down by the side of her child to watch him [illegible]. That he would die before the morning came she knew, and she wondered at her ability to act coolly, or to act at all.

[To be continued.]

The Imperial [illegible].

[New York Sun.]

The moonshiners or Parnell, or both, have frightened the Austrian empress from Irish soil, it is said, and she will henceforth hunt nearer home. In the forests at Schoenbrunn she has had a splendid hunting palace built, that is described as a marvel of luxurious decoration. Its architecture is that of the modern renaissance period. Steps of white Italian marble lead to the empress' rooms in the second story, upon which the best [illegible] of the empire have lavished their art. Makart planned the bed-room [illegible]. The "turn room," the empress' gymnasium, is done in Pompeiian style, and its vaulted riding school, about which the extensive stables cluster, is white with plate glass mirrors extending from floor to ceiling, and lounges upholstered in red velvet. Until the palace at Schoenbrunn is completed, the empress will hunt in the imperial forests at [illegible].

Despite her years—Elizabeth of Austria is nearly 50—she is as active a tourist and makes excursions on foot through the country, in company with the young Archduchess Valeria, that are the marvel and despair of her [illegible].